

Belecue't that we'll do any thing for Gold.

*Tim.* Consumptions fowe  
In hollow bones of man, strike their sharpe shinnes,  
And marre mens spurring. Cracke the Lawyers voyce,  
That he may neuer more false Title please,  
Nor sound his Quillets shrilly: Hoare the Flamen,  
That scold' it against the quality of flesh,  
And not beleue himselfe. Downe with the Nose,  
Downe with it flat, take the Bridge quite away  
Of him, that his particular to foresee (bald  
Smels from the generall weale. Make curld' pate Russians  
And let the vnscarr'd Braggerts of the Warre  
Deriue some paine from you. Plague all,  
That your Activity may defeate and quell  
The source of all Erection. There's more Gold.  
Do you damne others, and let this damne you,  
And ditches graue you all.

*Both.* More counsell with more Money, bounteous  
*Timon.*

*Tim.* More whore, more Mischeefe first, I haue gi-  
uen you earnest.

*Alc.* Strike vp the Drum towards Athens, farewell  
*Timon:* if I thrive well, He visit thee againe.

*Tim.* If I hope well, He neuer see thee more.

*Alc.* I neuer did thee harme.

*Tim.* Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

*Alc.* Call'st thou that harme?

*Tim.* Men dayly finde it. Get thee away,  
And take thy Beagles with thee.

*Alc.* We but offend him, strike. *Exeunt.*

*Tim.* That Nature being sicke of mans vnkindnesse  
Should yet be hungry: Common Mother, thou  
Whose wombe vnmeasureable, and infinite breist  
Teemes and feeds all: whose selfesame Mettle  
Whereof thy proud Childe (arrogant man) is puff,  
Engenders the blacke Toad, and Adder blew,  
The gilded Newt, and eyelesse venom'd Worme,  
With all th'abhorred Births below Crispe Heaven,  
Whereon *Hyperions* quickning fire doth shine:  
Yield him, who all the humane Sonnes do hate,  
From forth thy plenteous bosome, one poore roote:  
Enseare thy Fertile and Conception wombe,  
Let it no more bring out ingratefull man.  
Goe great with Tygers, Dragons, Wolues, and Beares,  
Teeme with new Monsters, whom thy vpward face  
Hath to the Marbled Mansion all about  
Neuer presented. O, a Root, deare thanks:  
Dry vp thy Marrowes, Vines, and Plough-torne Leas,  
Whereof ingratefull man with Licourish draughts  
And Morfels Vicious, greafes his pure minde,  
That from it all Consideration slips.

*Enter Apemantus.*

More man? Plague, plague.

*Alc.* I was directed hither. Men report,  
Thou dost affect my Manners, and dost vse them.

*Tim.* 'Tis then, because thou dost not keepe a dogge  
Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch thee.

*Alc.* This is in thee a Nature but infected,  
A poore vnmány Melancholly sprung  
From change of future. Why this Spade? this place?  
This Slaue-like Habit, and these lookes of Care?  
Thy Flatterers yet weare Silke, drinke Wine, lye soft,  
Hugge their diseas'd Perfumes, and haue forgot  
That euer *Timon* was. Shame not these Woods,  
By putting on the cunning of a Carper.  
Be thou a Flatterer now, and seeke to thrive

By that which ha's vndone thee; hinde thy knee,  
And let his very breath whom thou'lt obserue  
Blow off thy Cap: praise his most vicious straine,  
And call it excellent: thou wast told thus:  
Thou gau'st thine eares (like Tapsters, that bad welcom)  
To Knaues, and all approachers: 'Tis most iust  
That thou turne Rascall, had'st thou wealth againe,  
Rascals should haue't. Do not assume thy likeness.

*Tim.* Were I like thee, I'de throw away my selfe.  
*Alc.* Thou hast cast away thy selfe, being like thy selfe.

A Madman so long, now a Foole: what think'st  
That the bleake ayre, thy boysterous Chamberlaine  
Will put thy shirt on warme? Will these moyft Trees,  
That haue out-liu'd the Eagle, paye thy heeles  
And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brooke  
Candied with Ice, Cawdle thy Morning tasle  
To cure thy o're-nights surfer? Call the Creatures,  
Whose naked Natures liue in all the spight  
Of wrekefull Heaven, whose bare vnhouse'd Trunkes:  
To the conflicting Elements expos'd  
Answer mee Nature: bid them flatter thee.  
O thou shalt finde.

*Tim.* A Foole of thee: depart.

*Alc.* I loue thee better now, then ere I did.

*Tim.* I hate thee worse.

*Alc.* Why?

*Tim.* Thou flatter'st misery.

*Alc.* I flatter not, but say thou art a Caytiffe.

*Tim.* Why do'st thou seeke me out?

*Alc.* To vex thee.

*Tim.* Alwayes a Villaines Office, or a Fooles,  
Dost please thy selfe in't?

*Alc.* I.

*Tim.* What, a Knaue too?

*Alc.* If thou did'st put this sowre cold habit on  
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou  
Dost it enforcedly: Thou'dst Courtier be againe  
Wert thou not Beggar: willing misery  
Out-lives incertaine pompe, is crown'd before:  
The one is filling still, neuer compleat:  
The other, at high wish: best state Contentlesse,  
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,  
Worse then the worst Content.

Thou should'st desire to dye, being miserable.

*Tim.* Not by his breath, that is more miserable.  
Thou art a Slaue, whom Fortunes tender arme  
With fauour neuer claspt: but bred a Dogge.  
Had'st thou like vs from our first swath proceeded,  
The sweet degrees that this breefe world affords,  
To such as may the passie drugges of it  
Freely command't: thou would'st haue plung'd thy self  
In generall Riot, melted downe thy youth  
In different beds of Lust, and neuer learn'd  
The Icie precepts of respect, but followed  
The Sugred game before thee. But my selfe,  
Who had the world as my Confectionarie,  
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men,  
At duty more then I could frame employment;  
That numberlesse vpon me sticke, as leaues  
Do on the Oake, haue with one Winters blust  
Fell from their boughes, and left me open, bare,  
For euery storme that blowes. I to beare this,  
That neuer knew but better, is some burthen:  
Thy Nature, did commence in sufferance, Time  
Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate Men?  
They neuer flatter'd thee. What hast thou giuen?

If thou wilt curse; thy Father (that poore ragge)  
Must be thy subiect; who in spight put stuffe  
To some shee-Begger, and compounded thee  
Poore Rogue, hereditary. Hence, be gone,  
If thou hadst not bene borne the worst of men,  
Thou hadst bene a Knaue and Flatterer.

*Alc.* Art thou proud yet?

*Tim.* I, that I am not thee.

*Alc.* I, that I was no Prodigall.

*Tim.* I, that I am one now.

Were all the wealth I haue shut vp in thee,  
I'de giue thee leaue to hang it. Get thee gone:  
That the whole life of Athens were in this,  
Thus would I eate it.

*Alc.* Heere, I will mend thy Feast.

*Tim.* First mend thy company, take away thy selfe.

*Alc.* So I shall mend mine owne, by th'lacke of thine

*Tim.* 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch;

If not, I would it were.

*Alc.* What would'st thou haue to Athens?

*Tim.* Thine thicker in a whirlewind: if thou wilt,

Tell them there I haue Gold, looke, so I haue.

*Alc.* Heere is no vse for Gold.

*Tim.* The best, and truest:

For heere it sleepe, and do's no hyred harme.

*Alc.* Where lye'st a nights *Timon*?

*Tim.* Vnder that's about me.

Where feed'st thou a dayes *Apemantus*?

*Alc.* Where my stomacke findes meate, or rather  
where I eate it.

*Tim.* Would poysen were obedient, & knew my mind

*Alc.* Where would'st thou send it?

*Tim.* To sawce thy dishes.

*Alc.* The middle of Humanity thou neuer knewest,  
but the extremitie of both ends. When thou wast in thy  
Gilt, and thy Perfume, they mockt thee for too much  
Curiositie: in thy Ragges thou know'st none, but art de-  
spis'd for the contrary. There's a medler for thee, eate it.

*Tim.* On what I hate, I feed not.

*Alc.* Do'st hate a Medler?

*Tim.* I, though it looke like thee.

*Alc.* And th'hadst hated Medlers sooner, y should'st  
haue loued thy selfe better now. What man didd'st thou  
euer know vnthrift, that was beloued after his meane?

*Tim.* Who without those meanes thou talk'st of, didst  
thou euer know belou'd?

*Alc.* My selfe.

*Tim.* I vnderstand thee: thou had'st some meanes to  
keepe a Dogge.

*Alc.* What things in the world canst thou neereft  
compare to thy Flatterers?

*Tim.* Women neereft, but men: men are the things  
themselves. What would'st thou do with the world *A-*  
*peantus*, if it lay in thy power?

*Alc.* Giue it the Beasts, to be rid of the men.

*Tim.* Would'st thou haue thy selfe fall in the confu-  
sion of men, and remaine a Beast with the Beasts.

*Alc.* I *Timon*.

*Tim.* A beastly Ambition, which the Goddes graunt  
thee t'attaine to. If thou wert the Lyon, the Fox would  
beguile thee: if thou wert the Lambe, the Foxe would  
eate thee: if thou wert the Fox, the Lion would suspect  
thee, when peraduenture thou wert accus'd by the Asse:  
If thou wert the Asse, thy dulnesse would torment thee:  
and still thou liu'dst but as a Breakfast to the Wolfe. If  
thou wert the Wolfe, thy greedinesse would afflict thee,

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